

# Good Morning

S38

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

MY colleague, Stuart Martin, had the unpleasant experience of being blitzed recently, a mere 20 yards separating him from a bomb all to himself, and a bomb blast which reduced his comfortable apartment to a memory.

Recovering sufficiently to be able to view the death-trap from which he had escaped, he heard an observer say later: "You cannot blame the Germans, they are only doing their duty."

I think that Martin is going to include this phrase in his new book, entitled, "Infamous Almost Last Words."

Well, of course they were doing their duty, but I personally am not big hearted enough to applaud the "heroism" of those who wilfully destroy private houses which obviously have no semblance of appearance to military targets. For that is the lust of the beast.

And here is another angle on this doing of duty.

Some months ago, a young Flight-Sergeant left a letter to be opened if he was unfortunate enough to be killed. This letter was addressed to his mother. Had he not been killed, of course, we would not have known its contents. Here is an extract. He says:

"If I am killed, I know it will be in the most glorious and Christian engagement to which it has pleased God to call a member of our house."

Well, now, that sounds to me a most reasonable duty for a God-fearing man, a duty which considers the sacrifice of one's own life worth while to help the alleviation of others' sufferings; not "duty," which considers it heroic to die for a cause which, so far, has done nothing but multiply the sufferings of the whole world, or at least of whole territories.

Both people are presumed to be doing what they consider is their duty. But it all boils down to the same thing again.

If a young Nazi is taught that the Fatherland is everything, that the Fuehrer is supreme and that those who do not agree are infidels, and fit only for subjection or extermination, then, of course, he is doing his "duty" in exterminating them, and is duly rewarded with the Iron Cross by a grateful Fuehrer.

But dammit! Even though the German knows the German Reich, with all its power, is behind that code and dictates what is "duty," no man in his senses, no man capable of thinking, can agree that it is one's duty to exterminate another for that code alone.

After all, you or I might have been born in Czechoslovakia, and might have found ourselves members of a subject race right from our birth; but individually there is a possibility that we might even have had superior intelligence to any of the highly-organised and super-trained goose-stepping Nazis.

Don't you see that if young minds are poisoned, and millions of them poisoned, then even if they are sincere in the execution of what they under-

stand to be duty, that does not alter fundamental facts.

To all people who have been allowed to think for themselves, and not been forced to take the doctrine of dictators, the idea is just unbelievable.

Even in this country we have had some strange cases of sense of duty. It is only about a century ago that a boy of 16 was hanged in London for stealing a spoon. There is not the least doubt that the hangman went home to his meal, considered he had done his duty perfectly, and felt quite entitled to enjoy that meal to the full. But there was something radically wrong about that.

So you see, no nation is infallible, and all can make their code liable to glaring injustices.

We may, or may not, like every interpretation, or hair-splitting interpretations, of the Ten Commandments, and we are not entitled, even if we think they are perfect, to force that down other people's throats.

But can we find a better substitute? As times change, things which we regarded as sinful are looked at in a different light, and are not considered the major sins they formerly were.

But, modify or alter things as we may to suit a convenient interpretation under the guise of modern ways of living, we cannot do that to the extent that wrong becomes right.

Even the ex-painter from Austria must be aware, if only a moderate man at his job, that black was never white, though he deliberately forgets his oft-claimed artistic talents and goes colour blind.

What is wanted is a universal code of law similar to the doctrine of Christ. The simple teaching of "love one another" positively eliminates all those hateful things from which petty strifes arise, and which ultimately lead to wars of different magnitudes.

Even if we do not become religious to a Christ-like degree (because that could hardly be expected in this world), we can at least see that the rising generations are given a code of life such that the "sense of duty" in each is not opposed to every other nationality, but universally has as its whole object the betterment of mankind.

A duty which considers others, no matter what colour or race, and regards them as potentially equal, cannot be far wrong, because if we consider others, we obviously become much more reasonable, and cannot possibly go to extremes, either right or left.

May I quote Lin Yutang?—"One has reason to express the reassurance in the capacities of the human mind, to believe that the human mortal mind, limited as it is, is something infinitely higher than the intellect of the reckless drivers of Europe, and that eventually we shall be able to live peaceably because we have learned to think reasonably."

Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

AL MALE.

# WELL, THIS IS JUST OUR HANDWRITING!

ACCORDING to experts, the war is making us all write smaller. The reasons are many. Shortage of paper has meant smaller sheets of notepaper; airgraphs encourage a small hand to get the maximum amount on the limited space; the innumerable official forms requiring particulars rarely leave sufficient space for a bold hand, in spite of the invariable injunction to "write clearly"; millions of men and women on active service have to use writing pads that are easily slipped into a pocket.

Whether the change will remain once war conditions have passed remains to be seen. Handwriting in Britain has undergone many changes in the course of centuries, but none of them have been the results of war.

If you wish to know how our ancestors wrote before the Renaissance, look at a piece of bad German hand-

By Alexander Dilke

writing. When, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the rest of Europe turned slowly to the new or "Italian" hand, Germany decided to remain in the Dark Ages. The old style was called "Secretary," and it was this, to us, almost undecipherable hand that Shakespeare used to write his masterpieces, although the only specimens we have today are six signatures and a few words.

The new style of handwriting originated in Italy as part of the movement to simplify everything. The "battle" that raged is shown by the fact that Henry VIII wrote illegible Secretary, but his daughter, Elizabeth, was taught the Italian style by the great schoolmaster, Roger Ascham. To-day, secretary or anything like it is

Nam quis stupeat pulc

Dutch Italic Writing, 1591

only used on a few legal documents. The elaborate "Whereas" or "This, Indenture" which starts many legal documents is a relic of the old style.

British sailors and accountants travelling to all parts of the world in the 17th and 18th centuries played a great part in getting the new handwriting accepted everywhere. It was the writing used by clerks working laboriously at their books, and ability to write a clear hand was the one test of a clerk. The tendency was all towards clarity and simplification. There was one period when, under the influence of copperplate engraving, all sorts of twirls and flourishes to letters were fashionable, but this passed.

In the 19th century the desire to create a hand that did not degenerate so easily when written fast led to the teaching of script. This had the advantage that it produced few bad writers, whereas our grandfathers wrote either exceedingly well or exceedingly badly. Script was claimed to "lack character." To-day, new ways of writing are being taught, most based on scientific study

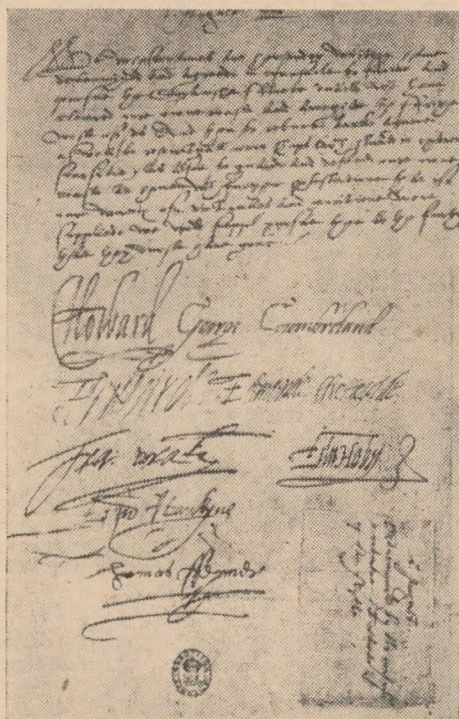
of the easiest way of moving a pen. They will produce new styles of handwriting.

The number of words that people get on a page varies enormously. It can be studied most easily in authors. An exhibition of authors' MSS. a few years ago showed Rose Macaulay averaging 50 words to a page and Mr. Alec Waugh getting 1,000 words in the same space.

Arnold Bennett probably wrote the finest hand of any author, and his beautiful MSS. are a joy to the eye. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in spite of his age, writes a perfectly steady and completely legible hand, generally getting all he needs to say on to the back of one of his famous postcards.

The worst handwriting in the world was generally credited to Horace Greeley, the American newspaper editor. It was so bad that one of his reporters used a letter from Greeley, dismissing him for gross inefficiency, as a testimonial to his abilities for years!

This is a resolution of the Council of War for the Pursuit of the Spanish Armada, 1588



## The £.S.D. OF IT HOLIDAYS

WHEN war broke out holidays were becoming one of Britain's biggest businesses. Holidays at home and very much shorter holidays have meant that at the end of the war catering for holiday-makers will employ more than a million.

Foreign tourists were spending in Britain at the rate of £30,000,000 a year. Just what this meant in terms of "trade" is shown by the fact that we were receiving only a little more for our coal exported abroad. It is believed, when normal conditions return, the trade of catering for visitors from abroad will have a turnover of £100 million a year.

Britons making holidays at home spent a far larger sum. The Holidays with Pay Act passed in 1938 affected 2,000,000 of the lowest paid workers, bringing the total taking paid holidays to 9,750,000.

If we calculated an expenditure of £20 a head we get very close to the staggering sum of £200,000,000 spent on holidays.

After the war, it is certain almost all Britain's 18,500,000

workers will get paid holidays, and the "turnover" will be gigantic.

Where did the money go? Transport and hotels probably absorbed more than half. But "extras" mount up in astonishing fashion. For instance, it was estimated that holiday-makers paid £5,000,000 a year just to sit down in the open!

In London alone there are 156,000 "tuppenny" chairs. We spent £1,000,000 on bathing costumes, and a vast sum on tents and boxes in which to change.

One scenic railway, or similar amusement, might cost £30,000 to erect, but will take £6,000 in a single August. We paid to bathe in pools instead of the sea.

At the most popular resorts a pool will take £1,000 in August. And we got rid of a lot of money in pennies. It is estimated 250 tons of coppers went into slot machines of various kinds, or were rolled on to the elusive squares!

The seaside resorts spent lavishly to attract holiday-makers; 7,000,000 visitors went to Blackpool in a single year. Blackpool spent £12,000,000 between the wars to improve its amenities, and still kept the rates down to 7s. 6d., because holiday-makers contributed £2,000,000 to municipal enterprises.

Every year £2,000,000 was being spent improving about 800 minor and major resorts.

Incidentally, they had 20,000 registered hotels. It looks as if they are going to be full when 18,000,000 want to go on holiday.

## Earl is getting Seeminded already L.S. Charles Parry

TUCKED away in the green depths of Cheshire, in a sleepy little town called Winsford, there lives a little fair-haired boy in whom the love of adventure has been born already.

He isn't two yet, but even his first name, Earl, has around it the atmosphere of clanking steel in the dark corridors of history.

For Leading Stoker Charles Parry there is no need to say that the 19-month-old child of whom we speak is his son and heir.

But what you DO want, Stoker Parry, is the reason why we, perfect strangers to your family circle, make wild, romantic guesses about the future of young Earl Parry.

When we called at your home in 122 Station Road, Winsford, we found him standing before a basin of water, with your young wife, Mrs. Hilda Parry, trying to prevent too much water spilling on the floor.

That would seem a common, everyday scene enough.

But the boy whose name seems to shake up the dust of history wasn't splashing aimlessly in the water.

You see, ever since you sent home that photograph of the submarine's crew he has been not only saying, in his tiny voice, "Daddy on a boat." He has also insisted that he sails his own toy boats in the largest basin of water available.

Ever since he has been 14 months old, says your wife, his childhood passion has been a game which is the song of the sea.

His sister, your daughter, Patricia, plays games more suitable to the dignity of her five whole years. But she was

staying at her grannie's home when we visited the old home town.

In later years the camera and the flashlight picture will have vanished for ever from his conscious memory, but there's every reason to believe that he'll be playing the game of sailing boats in reality when he grows to be a man.





# S-H-H! YOU ARE OBSERVED!

## Warns Mark Priestley

THROUGHOUT Britain to-day thousands of voluntary observers are watching the plain man as if he were a specimen under the microscope.

By word and gesture, saying and deed, all the time you're ashore you are unconsciously giving yourself away, revealing your will to victory, your patience, maybe qualities you don't know you possess.

The men and women who watch you are discovering and reporting on how the men and women of this land face each successive phase of the war. Through their eyes, ears and written commentaries, historians of the future will know how we behaved to-day. They are Mass Observers.

A few years ago a young anthropologist and explorer, Tom Harrison, was making a study of jungle tribesmen when he discovered that so-called savages were in many ways similar to his own friends, and he decided that he would do far more good by studying the ordinary person at home.

Within a few months 50 volunteer observers were helping him.

They wanted to discover why people behave as they do; why people turn on the radio, for instance, just as they sit down to dinner, or why people will queue up for the pictures on a Saturday when they could as easily go without waiting on a weekday.

Newspapers and journalists were busy chronicling history, but not the behaviour of ordinary people in ordinary circumstances or in times of crisis.

Harrison faced an uncharted world of unexplained actions and habits. To-day the movement he founded—Mass Observation—is a household word.

Its reports on you are translated into innumerable languages. They appear in bulky volumes and weekly parts. They have formed a factual background for films and broadcasts. They are talked about from Alaska to the Antipodes.

Often the observers have observation turned on themselves. They are set an unexpected question, for instance, and have to answer it with complete honesty.

From the first Mass Observa-

tion corrected misconceptions. In peace-time, for example, there was supposed to be nothing more boring than a wet British Sunday. Hundreds of observers were asked to state how they spent such a day.

Do you know how many people go to church on Sunday, how many listen to the radio, and how many do not have a heavy dinner? The answer proved to be 15 per cent., 50 per cent., and 8 per cent.

The majority of people, it turned out, wore their ordinary weekday clothes. Few played games. The majority spent the day pottering—at the time of the report—and were content and happy with it.

When all the housewives of Britain were supposed to be contributing aluminium to the Spitfire scrap-heaps, the Mass Observers discovered that in a "good" borough, like Chelsea, only one person in four gave up her saucepans. In a "bad" borough the response was no more than one in thirty.

Not every person who surrendered aluminium proved to be patriotic. It became clear that many contributors produced aluminium articles to collectors because they did not

like to say "No." Many were shown to be moral cowards, with a tendency to do the "done thing," even if grudgingly.

Another surprise came when investigators set out to discover how many people knew the name of the Air Minister. Sixty-six per cent. had no idea. Thirty-four per cent. gave a name, but the majority were wrong.

When the people of Britain at large were asked whether they knew the name of any Air Marshal, three in four could not make a suggestion.

It was when the army of Mass Observers began to check on the behaviour and bravery of ordinary people in bombed areas that vital facts of history came to light.

"A change is good for everybody," said an East End cafe owner, as he reviewed the blazing pyre of his little business.

"Sit down and get on with your dinner; if you've got to die you might as well die on a full stomach!" said one young woman to her mother-in-law.

Human, ordinary, everyday sayings, yet, thanks to the man with a notebook, they may live on for ever.

### J.S. NEWCOMBE

tells another  
True Ghost  
Story to-day

## —BERRY POMEROY HAS A "HAUNTED WOOD"

THE shadowy, ivy-clad ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, in South Devon, are enclosed by a deep wood, which superstition says is the haunt of a hundred evil spirits.

For nine centuries this ghosthood has added to its numbers.

History tells of feudal lords who met violent deaths, of murder and incest, of unspeakable crimes against young children of the Pomeroy family.

God-fearing men shun the woods of Berry Pomeroy when night has fallen.

William the Conqueror gave the manor to Ralph de Pomeroy in recognition of his valiant fighting at the Battle of Hastings. Ralph built the castle, and under its floors hid a wealth of Norman gold.

From the beginning tragedy beset the castle.

A Pomeroy murdered his sister and her betrothed, because the lover was from a hated family.

Father and son, mother and

daughter, fought one another for the buried gold. Finally, during one of these scraps, the whole family rushed over a precipice in the grounds and perished.

In 1778, Dr. Walter Farquhar, who later became a baronet and a close friend of the Prince Regent, was spending a holiday at Torquay.

One day he was summoned professionally to Berry Pomeroy Castle, some rooms of which were then occupied by a steward and his wife. The woman was seriously ill.

### HER PRIVATE HELL.

Dr. Farquhar was shown into a large and ill-proportioned room and told to wait.

The only light in the room came from a richly stained window emblazoned with the arms of the former lords of Berry Pomeroy. In one corner, beyond the wide fireplace, a flight of dark oaken steps led apparently to some chamber above.

He was beginning to chafe

at the long delay, when the door opened, and a woman, somewhat richly attired, came in. Supposing her to be one of the family, he advanced to meet her.

She took not the slightest notice of him, however, but crossed the room and hurried up the stairs.

The doctor wondered at her extreme agitation; for she kept wringing her hands and hunching her shoulders, as though tortured by evil thoughts.

On the top stair she paused. Her features, lit by the window, were youthful and shapely, but the expression was one of mingled vice and despair.

Dr. Farquhar afterwards described her as a woman living in a private hell.

He was called to the bedside of the patient, and found her so ill he had neither the opportunity nor wish then to ask questions about the strange woman.

But the next morning, his patient having improved, he told the husband what he had seen and pressed for an explanation.

"The figure you saw," said the steward, "is supposed to be the daughter of a former baron of Berry Pomeroy, who bore a child to her own father."

"In that chamber above us the child of that incestuous union was strangled by its guilty mother."

"Whenever death is about to visit the inmates of the castle she is seen wending her way, with the frenzied gestures you describe, to the scene of her crime."

"The day my son was drowned she was observed. And now my wife!"

The doctor assured him that his wife was out of danger.

"I have lived in and near the castle for thirty years," came the desponding reply, "and never knew the omen fail."

The sick woman died at noon.

Some years later, when Sir Walter Farquhar was at the zenith of his career, a young lady called on him. She wanted advice about her sister, whom she described as "sinking, overcome, and heart-broken by a supernatural appearance."

This was her tale:

While residing at Torquay the previous summer, she and

her brother and sister had driven over to see the remains of Berry Pomeroy Castle.

The steward was ill at the time, and there was some difficulty in getting the keys.

She and her brother went in search of them, leaving their sister alone for a few minutes in a large room on the ground floor. On their return they found the sister in a state near to collapse.

She declared that the spectre of a woman in indescribable distress entered the room, passed her, and disappeared up the corner stairs. Its features and gestures had made a terrible impression upon her.

"I am well aware of what you will say," concluded the young lady, "that nothing can possibly be more preposterous."

"You say the steward was ill?" asked the doctor.

"He died before we left the castle."

"Madam," said Sir Walter gravely, "I will make a point of seeing your sister immediately. But what she saw was no delusion."

There is no longer trace of the room and oaken stairs where the ghost walked.

Incest and infanticide found an abiding place with the wicked ghosthood which haunts the deep wood enclosing Berry Pomeroy Castle.

## PUZZLE CORNER

OUR PHOTO-MAN, TOMMY GRANT, SANK US ALL ON THIS. SEE IF YOU CAN LICK TOMMY.

Here's a little problem which you should be able to solve without pencil and paper in less than a minute.

Assuming the circumference of the earth to be exactly 24,000 miles, and that a tape or rail is fixed round the Equator one foot above the surface, how long would be the tape?

Answer on Page 3.

Solution to Puzzle in S 37.

M I C H I G A N  
M I S S O U R I  
A R K A N S A S  
C O L O R A D O  
N E B R A S K A  
V I R G I N I A  
O K L A H O M A  
I L L I N O I S

How's your memory? Take thirty seconds' look at this photo and name the articles. There are two dozen.

Solution to  
Picture Quiz  
in S 37:  
Eggs in Egg  
Rack.



## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

## STRANGE FRIENDS OF THE WOODS

THE keeper was on his rounds when he came across an old cock pheasant in the larch plantation—a stately bird with his purple head and white collar, strutting majestically over the pine needles as the keeper approached.

Instead of flying up into the larch trees as the keeper drew near, he began running excitedly around amongst the fallen twigs, so that the keeper walked across to see what all the fuss was about.

The pheasant then ran under cover, and the keeper found a lame jackdaw hiding amongst the pine needles. One wing drooped, and the bird looked in a sorry plight as it cocked its head aside to look up at the keeper.

His first impulse was to wring its neck as a marauder of pheasant eggs, but the jackdaw had just sufficient life in him to evade capture. The keeper continued his rounds and dismissed the lame jackdaw from his mind.

Two days later he was again in the larch plantation, and once again he saw the pheasant and jackdaw in the same place. It seemed too absurd that a pheasant should become friendly with a jackdaw, and the keeper couldn't quite make out

why the two birds should be together on both these occasions.

"Jack" was not quite so fortunate this time—or perhaps he was—for the keeper picked him up before he had a chance to get away. For a few seconds his fate was in the balance—and then he was carried to the keeper's lodge to make a pet for the youngsters.

His wing had been broken, but was fast knitting together again, and while "Jack" was convalescent he had a happy time with the keeper's children.

They soon began to complain that an old cock-pheasant was always flying into the garden and helping itself to "Jack's" food, and that "Jack" seemed quite pleased about it all, and started "chatting" away whenever the pheasant arrived.

The jackdaw's wing soon became strong again, and there came a day when the jackdaw disappeared, to the disappointment of the keeper's lodge, who expected more gratitude from the friendly bird than to go off without so much as "Thank you."

Then one November day, long afterwards, the keeper was again passing through the larch plantation. It was the day after the shooting party had been out, and no sooner had he entered the plantation when a jackdaw came fluttering around his feet.

It was "Jack," and he seemed wildly excited about something, flying a few paces ahead, and then coming back to flutter around, calling "Jack, Jack."

The keeper followed, and presently came across the old cock-pheasant, a victim of "yesterday's shoot." He picked up the bird and took it home, the jackdaw following at a respectful distance.

"Jack" now hangs around the keeper's lodge, and though he has renewed his friendship with the inmates, and chatters away to anyone who calls "Jack," at times he sits all huddled up on the garden fence with his head sunk between his shoulders.

It may be that he is thinking about a friend who helped him in adversity—and whose help he can't now repay.

## "AW, DON'T BE BASHFUL"





# BUCK RYAN



## MILLIER'S SPORTS' FLASHBACK HURDLING

TO see a greyhound flying over a hurdle is a graceful sight that might well come under the heading of the poetry of motion. For myself, I must say that I like to see a greyhound hurdle race, and I think this will apply to the vast majority of people who spend an occasional afternoon at a race track.

It goes without saying that hurdle races are popular. This is well known to the track managements, and yet there are fewer hurdle races to be seen to-day than at any time since they were introduced in the early days of the sport.

What is the reason for this curious state of affairs? The responsible officials will tell you that nothing would please them better than to be able to include at least one, and preferably two, hurdle races in every programme, but they cannot do so for the simple reason that there is such a pronounced shortage of hurdle racers.

These same officials may also tell you that it is no fault of theirs. They put the blame on the owners of greyhounds who are reluctant to let their hounds race over hurdles. Now, let me say that this dearth of hurdlers has nothing to do with the war, because the shortage was felt long before the autumn of 1939.

The reason is this: Owners have learned to their cost that hurdlers are more liable to toe injuries and other minor mishaps than flat-racers. The average owner likes to be able to say that his greyhounds pay their way meaning that the prize-money gained by them balances the cost of their keep at the training kennels.

If a greyhound keeps fit and well he can race frequently enough to pay his kennel fees, but if he is laid up with injuries, the cost goes on just the same and he cannot earn any prize-money.

The remedy is in the hands of the track managers. Let them increase the value of the prize-money for hurdle races and there will soon be plenty of good hurdlers.

Tracks are making money hand over fist, and the prize-money is so small that the wonder is that owners are still found who will pay high prices for greyhounds to race for such insignificant prizes.

The average greyhound takes to jumping with almost the same zest that a duck takes to water. It is a fact that all greyhounds can jump, though not all with the same facility. Some slow up at their jumps, others jump too high, and the good ones just take the obstacles in their stride. With practice, most greyhounds soon become bold and safe jumpers, and they enjoy it.

I shall always remember Juvenile Classic as the best hurdler I ever saw. He won a small fortune for his owner and landed many nice bets for his followers.

It so happened that I saw him as a puppy jump his first hurdle, and I wrote him down then and there as a born jumper. I was paying a visit to the late Joe Harmon's kennels at Burhill, and he brought out Juvenile Classic for me to see, among others. There had been some schooling over jumps, and the hurdles were still standing.

Juvenile Classic wagged his long tail, slipped out of his trainer's grasp, and went over the nearest hurdle as if to the manner born. He came back, wagged his tail again, and, as if to say "See how easily I can do it," he went through the performance once more, and would have continued if Harmon had not collared him.

In quite a short time Juvenile Classic became the champion hurdler, and he gave pleasure to many thousands of greyhound enthusiasts by his faultless jumping. It was certainly good to see.

When the good days return, as return they must, let us hope we shall see plenty of good hurdle races included on all programmes.

Prize-money will have to be increased, and when bigger prizes are given for hurdle races there will be no dearth of good jumpers.

W. H. MILLIER

Answer to Puzzle on Page 2.  
24,000 miles and six feet.

For practical purposes, the circumference of a circle is three times the diameter, therefore 8,000 miles plus two feet multiplied by three equals 24,000 miles plus six feet.

Send your Stories,  
Jokes and Ideas  
to the Editor



**Good  
Morning**

All communications to be addressed  
to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

**RIGHT UP  
YOUR  
STREET**

# England's Free Traders

